LILY AND VIOLET.

By Joachim du Bellay; translated by Andrew Lang.

Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud incloses
Wind-flowers too.

Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath,
Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
In the sun's heat.

The New-York Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1899.

A pretty binding will sometimes help to sell a book of poems or a novel, and, indeed, a realization of this fact has latterly created a veritable school of cover-designers, but one Birmingham bookseller boldly protests against the present large production of books "pretty and handy." Neither quality is undesirable, he says, but one may have too much of a good thing, and he sighs for books issued in "a solid "and noble format, like the 'Cambridge' Shakes-"peare." We sympathize with that bookseller. The beauty of little books like the "Temple Classics" is such that no one could wish to exclude them from his library, but it is one thing to have a few such books in a small case and another thing to attempt to fill long shelves with them. "Pretty and handy books" are invaluable for small libraries in houses only occupied during the summer, for fishing excursions, for railway travel, and there are occasions when they fit into the stateliest of libraries anywhere. Some books are meant to be printed in a small form. But the book four inches high should never be allowed to supersede the royal quarto and folio, and we hope the plaint of our serious bookseller will be heeded. The success of a series published in small form is apt to start another series, and that one starts another, until the counters of the booksellers are covered with "booklets." This means cheap literature and so is doubly welcome, but it ought not to decrease the vogue of books printed in nobler, statelier form.

Ruminating genially on "The Sense of Humor" the Editor of "The Saturday Review" opines that it is of course a precious gift—but ought not to be abused. Is there not something unconsciously humorous in this notion? Naturally one does not want to do violence to certain feelings and ideas by letting one's sense of humor play too recklessly around them, but what a droll thing it is to warn men against humor at this stage of civilization! Is there anything that men so frequently lack? We observe their barrenness especially in matters of literature. After all, it is not merely vulgarity and ignorance that are doing so much harm in some books and magazines nowadays. It is the absence of the sense of humor. Novelists of awful mediocrity who do incalculable harm, debasing the mental currency right and left, are often the most amiable creatures, well-meaning, even anxious to be of service to their contemporaries, but utterly unable to see their own worthlessness as writers. They have not the sense of humor and, accordingly, they never see the true relations of things. They think their positions in the universe are normal. The incongruity of their popularity never occurs to them. How do they know, poor souls, that they are preposterous? It is not likely that they will ever learn. "The sense of humor," as "The Saturday" well observes, "is an at-"tribute which no man of our race will ever "own himself to lack." This universal conviction, in itself a funny thing, is sad enough in some relations. The man who goes on writing stupid books when a sense of humor would save him is only rendered tragic by his proud belief that no one is "keener" than himself in seeing a funny point.

It must have been a person with a very "keen" sense of humor who devised a certain book recently published. It is entitled "Books I Have Read." Every other page of handsome white paper bears in the corner these headings: "Title," "Author," "Publisher," "When and Where Read," "Department of Literature," "Sketch of Contents." There is space for the notation of all these things, and then the entire opposite page is dedicated to "Comment and Quotations." A solemn preface to this amazing book reminds us that "memory at best is apt to be treacherous and defective." In fact, says this preface, "it not infrequently happens that "a reader can remember nothing relating to a "certain book beyond the mere fact that at "some period of his life he has read it." For that afflicted reader "Books I Have Read" is plainly a boon. With a hot passion for literature urging him on through book after book of sublime thought, he can fix his eyes on the goal of complete culture and leave his memory to its own treacherous ways. What do they matter? "Books I Have Read" will always help him out. He has only to turn its pages and instantly his past studies are rolled out before him as by magic. It is indeed a priceless tome. Abundant humor must have gone to its invention.

AN ITALIAN SOLDIER.

HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE UNIFICATION OF HIS COUNTRY.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VETERAN: 1807-1893. By General Count Enrico della Rocca. Translated from the Italian and Edited by Janet Ross. Octavo, pp. xii, 299. The Macmillan Company.

General Della Rocca was a faithful courtier and a brave soldier. By the circumstances of his birth he was destined sooner or later to be thrown into the service of the house of Savoy. He grew up in Turin, the Piedmontese capital. In 1814 he saw Victor Emanuel I enter the city, "mounted on a Sardinian galloway, dressed in his old uniform of 1798, blue, with broad red facings, a long waistcoat, white breeches and big jackboots, a Prussian hat, and a wig with bobtail which hung down his back." Della Rocca was at court when the King abdicated. He attached himself to Charles Albert, and when that Prince, in his turn, abdicated, our author continued his military career under Victor Emanuel II. His recollections close with the transfer under that ruler of the Italian Government, now homogeneous, from Florence to Rome, in 1871. It will be seen that his record embraces the period during which Italy developed from a congeries of States into a single strong nation. He deals with the events and the chief actors involved in that historic transition. Writing of political as well as of military matters, he nevertheless remains the soldier throughout. His style has often the naïve simplicity characteristic of a military veteran, and he is always disclosing a tenacious loyalty to the army. It was the army, he tacitly declares, that did all the work. The labors of the thinkers, writers and agitators, which counted so heavily in the balance, he passes over with bland unconsciousness. The name of Mazzini stirs him to no eulogy. He retained until the end, apparently, the feeling of suspicion which the great patriot provoked in him early in the struggle. But it is impossible to bear the gallant soldier any ill-will. He was not by nature a diplomat, though he went on more than one embassy and acquitted himself successfully. It was his destiny simply to love and serve the house of Savoy, to which he owed everything, and the fact that he did not sympathize with all those who were seeking to unify the Italian States does not lessen the value of his narrative. He was a clever and useful soldier. We can forgive him for sneering at war correspondents as purveyors of falsehoods and then complacently printing in a footnote the not unamiable things that one of them said about him; this means merely that General Della Rocca was a simple-hearted and candid old man.

Furthermore, the absence of broad historical surveys from this volume is atoned for by the presence of some admirable notes on important men and things. It is extremely interesting to get from a writer devoted heart and soul to the Savoyard dynasty a description of the situation in Piedmont in 1814 as frank as this one:

"Immediately after the King's return he restored things to the condition they were in before the departure of Charles Emanuel IV. Sixteen years of exile spent among the bare rocks of his island—often badly informed about the course of events, and therefore incapable of understanding their importance—had seemed to him a dream, a cruel and oppressive nightmare. Awaking amidst the joyous demonstrations of his subjects, he felt impelled to destroy every trace of these sad years and to restore the old condition of mutual love between people and king. He did not perceive that all was changed, that individuals and ideas had progressed and could not turn back. A kind and excellent man, he was wanting in discernment. He immediately recalled not only the faithful adherents of the monarchy, but, consulting old almanacs of the years preceding the abdication, he reinstated all the old functionaries. It was absurd, and at the same time sad, to hear of dead men being gazetted to their old posts. All this caused considerable dissatisfaction, particularly in the army, where officers retrograded in rank, and lost the steps they had gained under the French Government."

This gives a good key to subsequent events. We see Victor Emanuel I returned from Sardinia to a new world and adapting himself to its conditions with an ill grace. The times are ripening for abdications, constitutions, revolutions, the principles of 1848, for everything that is novel and subversive of the order to which the King was by his very blood accustomed. General Della Rocca sketches in quick, vivid touches the figures of that restless, changing period. He shows us his cousin, La Marmora, dogmatic, dictatorial, but calculated to use even his defects to good purpose in the cause of a new Italy. Cavour, our author's companion at the Academy, is described as revealing in his boyhood the characteristics which were later to make him famous. "He showed most uncommon acuteness and intelligence. Endowed with a wonderful memory, he was a prodigious reader, particularly of political and historical works, and he had a passion for mathematics. The events of 1821 had a strong effect on him, and he wanted to follow and know the conditions of Piedmont and of other countries. So he induced his elder brother, Gustavus, to come into the parlor at the Academy, which was always empty during play hours, and from behind the thick grating which separated the pupils from visitors he listened to the newspapers his brother read aloud." Charles Albert is painted in these pages as a melancholy figure of ambiguous character, having liberal tendencies, but clinging cautiously to the old régime. For all his gloominess he appears to have been a lovable man, so lovable that Della Rocca did not hesitate, when asked by him to embark upon an enterprise as a spy, but proceded gayly to France in the guise of a botanist and there learned all that his master wished to know. He is naturally, as a good soldier, devoted to the memory of Victor Emanuel II. He describes him thus: "At court Victor Emanuel was the heir to the throne, a loving husband and a respectful son; but outside he gave full scope to his natural instincts and tastes, and became a mousquetaire of the seventeenth century. He dressed rather in that style, and physically resembled Dumas's heroes, but without their vulgar manners and tastes." The last clause, to those who know their Dumas and are not unfamiliar with the personal history of Victor Emanuel, is a little comic, but General Della Rocca writes in perfect good faith. "Without pretending to be what he was not, Victor Emanuel gave the best of himself to Maria Adelaide," he observes, and in that calm manner disposes of his master's grave shortcomings. Here, again, however, his feelings are excusable. Being a soldier pure and simple, he was quick to forgive a fighter as gallant as Victor Emanuel proved himself to be. He never tires of referring to the bravery of his royal friend. His best military anecdote, though, is of Charles Albert himself before Peschiera. The King was on horseback. "Captain Franzini . . . came from Peschiera with a letter from the Duke of Genoa. The King opened it without dropping his reins. Before he had time to read a word a projectile fell a few feet in front of his horse, which reared. The King drove his spurs into the beast and forced him to stand over the shell. We all remained motionless, but reflected, 'If that grenade bursts the King will be blown up and all of us with him.' The shell did not burst; the King read his letter, and with perfect calmness looked slowly round at us and said, 'Messieurs, Peschiera est a nous.'"

Napoleon III, of course, appears frequently in this book. Della Rocca was sent to him by Victor Emanuel just after the Orsini attempt, to offer congratulations and at the same time allay the Emperor's suspicious feelings toward Italy. He was received with mingled cordiality and coldness. Napoleon listened with kindness, but his pent-up feelings at last rushed forth. He became menacing. "The army was ready to march against any place known to be a refuge for assassins," he declared. Later, as every one knows, he lent immense aid to Italy, but there is another sketch of him in this book reluctantly facing the necessity for a withdrawal of his troops and his influence from the Italian field. It was in 1859, when, flushed with the glory of the battle of Magenta and the evacuation of Milan, the allied French and Italian troops were looking forward to still further decisive blows against the Austrians. Napoleon and Victo-Emanuel were riding together when Della Rocca heard the former read to his companion a letter from the Empress pointing out the possibility of a Prussian invasion of France, and demanding the return of a part of the "Armée d'Italie." Della Rocca may here be quoted: "Victor Emanuel listened in silence; he understood, as I did, that all was finished, and that the Emperor would not risk his own throne to serve Italy. Slowly and silently the two sovereigns descended the hill, without giving another thought to the siege of Peschiera or Verona. Reading the letter of the Empress, without any comment, was a tacit retraction by the Emperor of his promise to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. It was the first intimation that he meant to stop short at the Mincio." It is a pathetic picture, and there are many others like it in this book. The author sets forth a strenuous narrative, full of the painful effort of a nation organizing itself in the face of tremendous obstacles. Even the gains had to be balanced with losses. French aid had made it possible to annex Tuscany, Emilia and the Romagna to the kingdom of Victor Emanuel, but the cession of Nice and Savoy to France was required, and General Della Rocca alludes with feeling to the anger of Garibaldi, who was Deputy for Nice, and "never forgot or forgave the cession of his birthplace." But that was in 1860. Ten years later Garibaldi was to see a united Italy at last, and in that triumph to be consoled, doubtless, for his private grief. Our author writes an amusing note, by the way, of Alexandre Dumas père and his son giving him "a world of trouble and annoyance" at Naples. They were installed in a villa which the elder Dumas pretended had been given him by Garibaldi. Mazzini often stayed with them, and then Della Rocca's troubles began. Mazzini would insist upon "agitating." Della Rocca hated agitation. He would not sanction his removal after the manner proposed by a police agent, "it would have been a criminal act," but obviously the poor General was sadly bothered by the patriot. Remembering Mazzini's noble work, one cannot but smile over the old soldier's plaintive reflections. There is not much in this volume, to be sure, which could be expected to arouse any mirth. The only droll story is of a noble Sardinian lady, a sister-in-law of the author who carried as a preventive against sea-sickness a box of small fragments of paper bearing Scriptural quotations. These texts she would assiduously chew, only, of course, increasing her sickness, but she was furious when Della Rocca threw the box overboard. The greater part of General Della Rocca's narrative is in much more serious vein. It is not for that reason any the less readable. In its discursive way this book gives an interesting idea of how the Italian nation was unified, and behind the instructive statements concerning public events there is constantly felt the force of a picturesque and manly personality.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

Jane Barlow, in The Athenæum.

She said to herself—'twas a girl ranging pleasaunce and lawn,
Her eyes sudden-bright at sweet fancies because she was young,
And in singing heard many an echo of strains never sung,
And saw past dim eve dewy rose-fires of dawn upon dawn—

She said to herself of a while: "Pity 'tis to be sleeping,
Since slumber brings shadow and silence, though softly it fall,
What are dreams? Ne'er an hour of my day would I change for them all."
For how could she know her delight lay in one dream's keeping?

She will say to herself—an old woman just creeping about,
Half adrowse as the flies be that stir in a wintry sun,
With the singing not heard any more, and the good days all done,
And joy from her heart, and the light from her eyes, ebbed out—

She will say to herself of a while: "Pity 'tis to be waking,
For weary this clamorous world to the lonely and old,
Better dream, so a wraith of their lost they may haply behold,"
For what could she tell of the dream beyond slumber's breaking?

Yet one of her days, when they darken bereft of a gleam,
Ill-omened with hauntings of fear, by the last hope forsaken,
If the old, old woman should sleep, and the girl should awaken,
Where desire of all hearts dwelleth deep in a dream of the Dream?

A PLUM-PUDDING COINCIDENCE.

From The London Spectator.

In the French weekly paper, "Les Annales Politique et Littéraire" of March 26, M. Camille Flammarion in one of a series of articles on psychical problems gives this story of coincidences: "The poet, Emile Deschamps . . . tells that when he was at school at Orleans he happened one day to dine with a M. De Fontgibu, a refugee who had lately returned from England, and he there tested some plum pudding, then an almost unknown dish in France. The memory of this was gradually fading when one day, ten years after, passing a restaurant on the Boulevard Poissonnière, he caught sight of a delicious-looking plum pudding. He went in and asked for some, but was told that it had just been sold. The shopwoman saw that he looked disappointed, and said: "M. De Fontgibu, would you be so very kind as to let this gentleman have part of your plum pudding?" He then recognized M. De Fontgibu in the middle-aged man in a colonel's uniform, who was sitting eating at a table near, and who courteously offered him some pudding.

"Many years passed without his coming across either a plum pudding or M. De Fontgibu, when one day Deschamps was invited to a dinner party to eat a real English plum pudding. He accepted, and laughingly told his hostess that M. De Fontgibu would certainly be of the party, telling her his reason for saying this. The day came. Ten guests filled the ten places laid for them, and there was a magnificent plum pudding on the table. They were beginning to laugh at his M. De Fontgibu, when the door was opened and the servant announced 'M. De Fontgibu,' and an old man came in, walking with difficulty and helped by a servant. He walked slowly round the table, evidently looking for some one, and seemed quite bewildered. Was this an apparition or a joke? It was the time of the carnival, and Deschamps thought at first that it was a hoax, but when the old man came up to him he saw that it certainly was M. De Fontgibu. His hair stood on end. Don Juan in Mozart's masterpiece could not have been more terrified by the guest of stone. It was all explained, however. M. De Fontgibu was dining with some people in the same house, and had mistaken the door. This series of coincidences is so surprising that one can understand Deschamps saying, when he told this startling story: 'Plum pudding has come into my life three times, and so has M. De Fontgibu! Why is this? If it happened a fourth time I should be capable of anything or nothing.'"

THE PHYSICIAN IN LITERATURE.

From The London Times.

In the long list of men of genius devoted to the healing art there is a dearth of those who have shown the highest literary faculties united with the learning of their art and time. Striking exceptions will occur to every one, but Sir Thomas Browne stands by himself, fully versed in the professional learning of his generation, ardently interested in the advancement of his profession, and in every page of his writings making it evident that he is the physician and experimentalist. It would not be a gain if any clever doctor of to-day were to try to imitate the mannerisms of Browne. What he did well was done once for all. But science would not suffer and humanity would gain if accomplished, gifted physicians of our time occasionally sought, after his manner, to take the large views of their art, its relations to all that is best in the spiritual world, in which Browne delighted.

To the physician, honest to his calling and worthy of it, come naturally, whether he has thoughts of literature or not, reflections, which, if presented faithfully, and not obsequiously in the train of some theory, would add to that store of moral truths to which humanity turns in its troubles and perplexities. So many persons tell the world more than they really do know. From one profession brought in close contact with the misery and pathos, the tragedy and irony, of life we do not get all of interest which we strongly suspect the best members of that profession have to give, the practical wisdom and the philosophy of life which come to the best physicians, but which are not taught in their technical treatises or Harveian orations. A "Religio Medici," a true product of our time, would be interesting.